VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

VOL. 2. ORGAN OF THE NEW ENGLAND WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION. NO. 3.

LOWELL, MASS., FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 3, 1846.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
At No. 76, CENTRAL ST., LOWELL, MASS.
BY THE
N. E. WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATION.
J. S. FLETCHER, SARAH G. BAGLEY, W. F. G. PEIRCE, } Publishing Committee.
JOHN ALLEN, EDITOR.

TERMS—$1,00 in Advance.

☞ All Communications should be directed (POST PAID,) to the Voice of Industry.

Poetry.

For the Voice of Industry.

Song.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

BY D. H. JAQUES.

Land of my childhood's home, farewell!
I may roam thy hills no more;
Borne o'er old ocean's heaving breast,
I must seek a far-off shore.
Birds in the homestead trees will sing—
They will sing no more for me!
One from the haunts he loved they 'll miss;
Oh where will that one be!
Farewell! oh, farewell.

Cot where my mother dwells, farewell!
There is weeping there for me;
Dark shadows lie upon my HOME—
I must dwell beyond the sea!
Tears to my sister's eyes will come,
When she opes the holy Book,
Where with a trembling voice I read,
Ere my last sad leave I took:
Farewell! oh, farewell!

Graves where my fathers lie, farewell!
Oh my grave may not be here;
My bones must lie 'neath stranger clods,
Far, far from my country dear!
Friends of my youthful days, adieu!
Tears will come as I turn away—
As I leave behind my CHILDHOOD'S HOME,
To pursue ALONE my weary way!
Farewell! oh, farewell!

For the Voice of Industry.

Reply to a "Glorious Victory," by J. W. H.

"Make way for the victors! we've glory in store,
And our eagle in flight, more proudly will soar;
Now the Mexican savage, in hurried retreat,
Who waged the contention, has met a defeat.
Wind shrilly, ye bugles, and scream all ye pipes!
We have not disgraced our proud banner of stripes."
The Christian that's loath, or the seaman that cowers,
Merits not a free land, with a history like ours.

A nation by name, mere brutes at the beat,
Who have harrassed our borders, and citizens pressed,
Insulted our flag, our legation refused,
And in every base scheme this nation abused.
We've sought in good faith, and the olive branch waved,
That peace we might win, if peace could be saved;
Bad faith in return, with a villainous smile,
Is the only response, o'erflowering with bile.

'Tis not as a worm we would crush as we strole,
But a reptile of venom, grown bold in its pride;
The blow we inflict's for ourselves and the race,
Repel the aggressor, or yield in disgrace.
In numbers outvieing the swarms of the sea,
They fain would make havoc, o'er land of the free;
Our few comrades, armed in justice and right,
Were sought by their hordes, and their hordes put to flight.

Were England at fault, then to England the blame,
Whether credit to herself, her pride, or her shame;
But the cause what it may, 'tis no reason, indeed,
That our rights we forbear, because others exceed.
The treaty be prize, by virtue of might,
Is the peace we conclude, the triumph of right;
And the saint or the sage is unworthy the land,
Who halts in defence, when the foe is at hand.

To be once, we would claim at right to the soil,
Defended by valor, by patience and toil,
And base were our hearts, and unworthy our forge,
Had we failed to respond to the young eagle's claim.
We've staid the vile scourge, so brazenly sent,
And returned them the lead, for the copper they spent.
Hurra for our soldiers! huzza for our seamen!
Who shrinks from the fray's neither Christian nor Freeman!

Oh, yes, we will boast, and forever declare
To the world, though in arms, we are free as the air;
Nor brought to the field, in a battle array,
Till forced by our wrongs to enter the fray.
We rear not the shot of the gory and dead,
To divoe n'er life, by the bayonet sped;
But we bound by ties, as Christian, as just,
It unity fails, TO STRIKE WHERE WE MUST! T. S.

A True Remark.—When Dr. Franklin was in London, in 1776, he spoke, in some of his letters to a friend in this country, of reports which were spread by his enemies to his disadvantage. His language is that of a Christian philosopher—yet how few emulate his example in these things.

"I give myself," he says, "as little concern about them as possible. I have often met with such treatment from people that I was all the while endeavoring to serve. At other times I have been extolled where I had little or no merit. One's true happiness depends more upon one's own judgment of one's self, or a consciousness of rectitude in action and intention, and the approbation of those few who judge impartially, than upon the applause of the unthinking and scorning multitude, who are apt to cry 'Hosanna' to-day, and to-morrow, 'Crucify him.'"

The hog is your *gentleman* among beasts, because he does not know how to work.

Miscellaneous.

From the American Review.

The Burning of Moscow.

At length Moscow, with its domes and towers and palaces appeared in sight; and Napoleon, who had joined the advance guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but as he passed through the streets, he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along, for a deserted and abandoned city was the meagre prize for which such unparalleled efforts had been made. As night drew its curtain over the splendid scene, Napoleon entered the gates, and immediately appointed Mortier governor. In his directions, he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall answer with your life. Defend Moscow against all, either friend or foe."

The bright moon rose high over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light on a thousand palaces, and the dwellings of these hundreds thousand inhabitants. The weary army sunk to rest; but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes. Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments—nor the parks and gardens, and Oriental magnificence that every where surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital. When he entered it, scarcely a living soul met his gaze, as he looked down the long streets; and when he broke open the buildings, he found parlors and bed-rooms and chambers all furnished and in order, but no occupants. This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose on the part of the inhabitants, yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was sailing over the city, when the cry of "Fire!" reached the ears of Mortier, and the first light over Napoleon's falling empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern time commenced—THE BURNING OF Moscow.

Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders, and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier, to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The Marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses which had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned towards the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.

In the morning, Mortier, by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire. But the next night, Sept. 15th, at midnight, the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "Fire! fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene had now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air, and lighting upon the houses—dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut-up dwellings, and the next moment a bright light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments. All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds, and a wild tempest then swept with the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm, while clouds of smoke and sparks in an incessant shower went driving towards the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling in wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, dashed with the responsibility thus thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses, and facing the tempest and the flames—struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

He hastened from place to place amid the blazing ruins, his face blackened with the smoke, and his hair and eye-brows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned, a day of tempest and of flame, and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace, and dropped down from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempests had been succeeded by a day of tempests; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, wavering to and fro in the blast. The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter, as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire, and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames and the crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers, were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene, and Berthier rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee; yet he still clung to the haughty palace, as if it were his empire.

But at length the shout, "The Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate leading to the Moskwa, and entered it, but they had only entered still further into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eye around the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and raging of the flames—over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire, he pressed on; and at length, half suffocated, emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters at the imperial palace of Petrowsky, three miles distant. Mortier, relieved from his anxiety for the Emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes—canopied by flame and cinders—surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to and fro, and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with them red-hot roofs of iron; he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe, or courage overcome. Those brave troops had heard the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle without fear; but now they stood in terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, palaces and churches. The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe, in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood powerless and affrighted.

When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire—the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city one mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that whirled the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions from the blowing up of stores of oil, and tar, and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously through the sky. Huge sheets of canvass on fire came flowing like messengers of death through the flames—the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowed with red-hot heat, over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment at their bases, were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from their cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng through the city. Children were seen carrying their parents—the strong the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives. Oh, it was a scene of wo and fear indescribable! A mighty and close packed city of houses, and churches, and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight the world will seldom see.

But this was all within the city. To Napoleon, without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped every thing in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into vast billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now towered above these waves, and now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it, rolled over a bosom of fire. Columns of flame would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge masses of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air, as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone, towering above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, and again emerging into view—standing amid the scene of desolation and terror, like virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements. Napoleon stood and gazed on this scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartments were so hot that he could not bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterwards:

"It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame, mountains of red rolling flame, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh! it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld."

From the New York Tribune.

Letters from the 'Old Man of the Mountain.'

NUMBER SIX.

Friend Tribune; I have writ you about 'The Notch,' here. They call it Notch, everybody. Now you 'll, may be, think it is one—a small cut like, such as you make in a stick or so—cut a notch, as you may say. But it isn't so. It isn't anything small, the mountain passage here. I don't know why they should call it by so little a name—a thing so big—without it is to make it seem the bigger. When a thing is not very big in itself, they sometimes call it by a great name, to make it up. I've heard of little people standing tiptoe, when they spoke, to appear tall, and make themselves think they were tall; and of great people stooping and trying to seem small, so as to make other folks feel at home when they were about. It may be they call the Great Way through the Franconia Notch, by the little name of 'Notch,' on some such ground. But, friend Tribune, it is no notch. Why, the two sides of it—the *cañon* of the Notch are two mighty mountain sides, to which the slopes of the biggest pyramids on the Nile are mere notch-sides a boy cuts in his willow whistle. Notch! you go down here and stand back of the Layfayette House, they call it, the great new tavern they are putting up down between the two ponds here—for there is two ponds here in the Notch—sizable ponds; one of 'em heads the Pemigewassett river, the other the wild Ammonoosuck. One river runs right south, the other right north, and goes into the river Connecticut, and after running I don't know how far, falls at last into a strip of salt water by the name of Long Island Sound. If you know the geography, friend Tribune, you may know wherebouts it is. Well, down between these ponds, right in the throat and narrows, as we may say, of the Notch, they're putting up a great tavern house, a hundred and fifty foot long, for folks to put up at who come to see the Notch—a purpose to see it and some folks that lives in it. You would hardly call it a notch, that had such a tavern in the bottom of it, and a wide highway running along beside it, and a glorious piece of woods by the side of the road, all hard wood—the Rock Maples, and the Beeches, and the great north Birches. You never saw such Birches grow, friend Tribune, as stand here in the Notch. As I was saying, you go out back behind the tavern house there and just look up! Not up great Haystack—for you can't begin to. What you see is nothing but the underpinning of the old Mountain, before you come to the *bottom* of his side, where it begins to be one of the Notch. You look up there a thousand feet, sheer up—right up and down like a wall, or the underpinning of a building—straight up as the side of a house. The Mason that laid that underpinning, friend Tribune, built the everlasting Hills and made the World! See that shelf, that juts out over the top of the wall. And see the spruces, growing all the way up anchored in the crevices and the seams of the precipice, tier above tier of 'em, the tops of one coming up to the roots of the others, clinging close as though they were afraid they should fall, like the eagle-hunters on the crags of Orkneys. Look up there, friend Tribune, to what don't *begin* to be *toward* going up the great, grey-headed Mountain, and see if you'd think of a *notch*! Why, the bottom of the cut, come to get into it, is wide enough for an army to pass through in 'loose array' and 'with spread ensigns, marching.' Old Bonnparte, if he'd found such a passage through the Alps he crossed, need n't have made the fuss he did about it, or the other little fellow that crossed there before him, going all the way from Carthage to see the city of Rome. You'd think you was any where but in a *notch*, and yet, they tell me it looks from a distance exactly like one, cut in the Ridge of blue mountain. Come to get to it, it looks more like an open gateway—a part of the Ridge broke off at one end and swung half round on the other, like a half open gate. A great wall, taller than any they ever had in China, run once, as it looks right across the passage—from the North-East—from the White Hills which was part of it, right along here, by The Hay-stack, along to Mooschillock, and so on South-West. Old Kearsarge and Great Monadnock are parts of it, and seem as if they had been left standing when the main wall had been taken away. Here a gate-way was made in it and the gate swung round half-way open to the North-east. It is wide enough, friend Tribune, for the notions. And it's a gate never 'll be shut to again. You need n't feel afraid, going this it, that the gate will swing to! And it is not one they 'll ever take toll in, as they tell me they do on some of your roads at the gates. Make a man pay for traveling—a tired man! It would be a pretty spot for you to come to, friend Tribune, and put up at the Lafayette house a day or two in the hot months. You might take your fish-hook and line along with you, for they say there 's glorious trouts in the Ammanoosuck Pond, and boats on it. Though I guess I would n't bring the hook and line on the whole. I guess I'd let the trouts be. It's a cool, pretty, shady place for them in the woods—and clear water and life must be pleasant to the spotted creatures there I would n't bring any fish-lines. There is n't any trout, they tell *me*, in the other Pond. The outlet runs so steep, they say the trouts never could get up, and they are the sprycst fish that swims. Pity somebody wouldn't bring a live one up and puchim into the Pond—it's a place the trouts love so well. A couple of them. One would be lonesome there alone.

Lafayette House—they call the house—after the same old Frenchman they named the bridge for, I told you of down in Plymouth. And if they had stopped with naming their bridges and tavern-houses after him, I should n't have cared. But they undertook to name the mountains after him. Friend Tribune, I'm a little jealous for the mountains. I'm akin to them myself. I'm willing they should name the mountains—name 'em once—when they first behold them, but not name them over again. The first people that ever get sight at 'em, I'm willing they should give 'em a name. They called my neighbor peak here, "Great Haystack," but about the time this Frenchman came over they undertook to name it over again. Idon't know but I've told you of it, friend Tribune, I should n't be surprised if I had, for I am getting *old*. They called it "Mount Lafayette," the stupid creatures. I guess they'd been drinking. Finally, I know they had. I see 'em when they went up on to the the mountain, a parcel of 'em twenty years ago. It was one Summer—in July—along the *forepart* of the month—about a dozen of them—they got into a frolic up there drinking, and finally undertook to christen the old Mountain over again, there, on his bare forehead, and they christened him "Lafayette." But the name did n't go. It had been named long before.

Its name was 'Great Haystack.' Haystack is the name a thousand people running would all name it, seeing it for the first time, sixty miles off, traveling North. It isn't the *color* of a hay-stack, they tell me, but *blue*, but exactly the shape. And Haystack shall be the name so long as it stands there. Friend Tribune, you must come and see it. Come in July or along first of August, when it is dry traveling through the woods; and if you want to go to the White Hills and on to Mount Washington, I should rather go on to the top of Great Haystack of the two. It isn't quite so high up, but high enough in all conscience. You'd think so by the time you got above the woods and it is more apt to be clear on the peak of the Haystack. Mt. Washington is sometimes all covered with mist and clouds for days together. Haystack is never shrouded a whole day at a time when it is fair weather below. The sight from it isn't quite so grand, they tell me, when you can have a fair day on Mt. Washington, but it is prettier to see. I call it prettier; may be you wouldn't call anything so you would see here. You'd call it pretty here in the Notch, or beautiful like, after you'd been and seen the Gap of the White Mountains and come back. Every thing would look soft and beautiful here to you then.—Things look solemn and dreadful, they tell me there.

They call it a "Notch" there—the passage through the Mountains—though it is twelve miles through, and the sides of it awful mountains all the way. They are dreadful high and desolate, and tore all to pieces with slides and thunder. It looks as if thunder had struck 'em, one time and another, all the way down, and all along their sides, and clouds broke on 'em. The Teamster said once he was going through there alone, and he looked up and see a single wild pigeon flying across the Notch—he said the solitary creature seemed to hurry as if it was afraid to be there alone. It is awful lonesome there, and folks are glad to get through. They say it looks melancholy there, everything is so great and still. Oh, it *is beautiful!* And the infant Spice'shings thro' the mountains, all alone. A little brook, only in time of the mountain rains; then it is a sea thundering through the Notch and filling it like the floor of a mill, and tearing the bowels out of the mountains, what little has been left by thunder and the slides.

Come up and see the whole, friend Tribune. Come by way of Franconia, and be sure you don't go by without calling to see your friend.

The Old Man of the Mountain.

The mill wheels in Slaterville, R. I. stop at half past six, P. M. Where's Lowell?

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.

The RIGHTS OF MAN to himself, to his permanent home on the Earth, to the choice of industrial pursuits, to limit for himself the hours of toil, to an equivalent for what he produces, to the best opportunities for education, and to freedom in every thing.

LOWELL, JULY 3, 1846.

The Problem of the Age.

All eyes are turned upon the existing and increasing evils of present society, and all philanthropic hearts are earnestly seeking for a remedy. Our literature, our conversation, our public lectures, are all pregnant with the spirit of reform. Our poetry, our music, our works of art, are prophetic aspirations for human freedom and social happiness. Now, as never before, are we asking for the embodiment of Christianity in the relations of life, and the intercourse of man with man. From every heart, that is worthy to be called a heart, there comes an utterance of deep sympathy for the oppressed and wronged, and a demand as stern as justice for the abolition of social falseness, the breaking down of all castes and distinctions, the bridging over of the widening gulf between the rich and the poor, and the distribution of honors and wealth according to merit and usefulness.

And the establishment of this law of social justice is certain as the reign of Providence. Unbearable and intolerable to the masses have become our present modes of oppression and injustice, in the sphere of industry. People are now rewarded in proportion to their uselessness and idleness, and punished in proportion to their service to humanity. The operative, who toils the live-long day, year in and year out, receives the poorest accommodations and the coarsest fare, with perhaps her $2 per week; while the factory baron who lives in his palace, surrounded with the luxuries and refinements of life, from the spoils of victorious commerce, and unjust dividends from monopolized labor, is paid his $200,000 per year. Such is the social justice of the present infernal order of society, and such the modes of distribution of the products of industry. Dependence and comparative poverty for the sons and daughters of toil—and honors and wealth for the scheming gambler in the "game of grab." The creators of the world's wealth, poor—the consumers of the products of labor, rich.

The omnipotent spirit of the times is setting like a tide against this outrageous system of distribution. A mode of rendering to every man his due, which shall not be unjust to capital, but shall be *just* to labor, *just* to the producer, is demanded, and the time for its adoption by the people cannot safely be delayed.

"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." "He that *will* not work, neither shall he eat." "Whatsoever a man *sows*, that shall he also reap." "What a man produces by his own toil, is his own against the universe." Such is the law of distributive justice ordained by Almighty God, and sustained by the common sense of mankind. And such is the *law*, too, which our present industrial baronage, in the North not less than the South, have trampled beneath their feet—which from first to last they not only disregard themselves, but consider it a crime for their cringing serfs to propose for their august consideration.

This law must be incorporated into the structure of society. If a commercial feudalism, or if all Loaferdom stands in the way, the spirit of this age, the reform-cry, warns them to "clear the track," or be crushed beneath the wheels. "Fiat justitia, ruat" infernum. The evils must be remedied. And unless capital will move in this matter, and restore the violated rights of labor, the work shall be done by the people themselves.

When king-craft became intolerable, the people abolished it, and organized a government based on the sovereignty of humanity. When religious despotism became endurable no longer, the people asserted their right to spiritual freedom, and they achieved it. And if the people can organize their own politics, organize their own judiciary, organize their own forms of religion, organize their systems of education—why in the name of common sense, cannot they organize industry? Why can they not through their representatives apply this law of distributive justice, in rendering to every man according to works? Why may they not re-establish the right of human beings to live and labor on the earth as freemen, subject to no dictation of overseers, fleeced by no oligarchy of monopolists, and enjoying, every one, the creations of his own toil?

It must be done, it will be done. The work commenced by our fathers, will not be perfected till it is done. Organize Labor, and give to every man an equivalent for what he produces. Such is the mission to which we are called—such is the PROBLEM OF THE AGE.

☞ MR. LOUIS STRACK, a distinguished Pianist of this city, will give a Concert on the evening of the 8th, at the City Hall, assisted by the New England Quartette Club, Lowell Brass Band, and several other *amateurs*. This is Mr. Strack's first Concert in this city, and we confidently bespeak for him a *full house*. If this city consults the moral welfare of the community, it will in its corporate capacity, supply the people with at least one *free* Musical Concert, on every evening of the year.

The Collective Will and Conscience of the People.

Professedly, in a Republican Government, the collective will and conscience of the people, is law. And practically in all governments, in spite of old obsolete Statutes, and in spite of Kings themselves, it is law. A King is no King, further than he can impress his own character upon his subjects and makes their collective will and conscience correspond with his own. This public conscience, this popular justice then, is the true government.

The prostitution of this inherent executive power, to the service of selfish demagogues in politics, and piratical swindlers—in monopoly and commerce, has led to most of the evils of which the industrial classes complain. Under this spirit of absolute selfishness, our present modes of industry and distribution have sprung into being. Starting with the democratic falsehood, that "the best government is that which governs the least," we have thrown open the field of free competition, and given the battle to the strong and the race to the swift. We have proclaimed it lawful for one man to own the whole earth, and turn everybody else off of it—lawful for him to monopolize all the motive power and machinery in the universe, and make labor everywhere the slave of its own creations,—and lawful for a few Shylocks of commerce, to plunder the people of their productions, till in the midst of plenty, and surrounded by storehouses, bursting with very fulness, the cry of want, of destitution, of nakedness and famine, is ringing to the heavens. We have acted on the let-alone principle till government, so called, has become no government, till the power of monied barons behind the throne has become greater than the power on the throne, till the movement of the pen by twelve men in the commercial world will wield a greater influence upon the industry of the country, than our statue of a President with his Cabinet and Congress,—till in fact, selfishness has become the law of society, and earth, air and ocean have been given over to its dominion, till labor has been organized in conformity to its dictates, and the modes of distribution ordained in obedience to its will.

Endeavoring by a negative policy, by anarchical individualism, to avoid the evils of a military feudalism, we suffered the spirit of avarice to institute a feudalism of capital and commerce, more terrific and oppressive in its character, and more diabolical in its tendencies, than the landlordism and baronage of by gone centuries.

Our remedy for these evils lies in the abandonment of the *let-alone* principle in government and commerce, and the application of the *collective will and conscience of the people*, to a positive government, in all matters pertaining to human life and happiness. Instead of having a few capitalists, monopolizing the land and the machinery, organizing labor to suit their own schemes of selfishness, buying up the press, the pulpit and the bar, and becoming the government in spite of the government, it is time that the people should awake from their apathy, (not to say stupidity,) and by the authority of their collective will and conscience become the rulers, in this land of freemen.

1st. Let them declare, that even if corporations do not make more than 99 per cent. annually, from the dividends on stock, and the profits of commerce, they will not be the slaves of machinery more than ten hours per day,—that *eight* or *ten* hours shall constitute a legal day's work. This will be something gained. It will save hundreds of our sisters from a premature grave, and give the people leisure to read and think of their wrongs.

2d. Let them declare that it shall be unlawful to plaster over God's free earth with mortgages and bills of credit, to seize by the authority of deeds and parchments the people's land, and to appropriate to their own use, because they are the strongest, the achievements of inventive genius and the contributions of the world's fathers.

3d. Let the highest sense of justice in society, the collective will and conscience of the people be expressed through their chosen representatives, in an effort to organize labor by the state, to render its condition healthful and attractive, its practice honorable and universal, and its rewards proportionate to productiveness and usefulness.

Young Men's Temperance Celebration.

The friends of Temperance, in Lowell will celebrate the 4th, in a manner becoming their glorious principles, and this glorious day.

At half past eight A. M., upon the steps of the John st. Church, a splendid BANNER will be presented to the society by Mrs. Ames, President of the Female Benevolent Society, with appropriate ceremonies and speeches. Afterwards a procession will be formed, and the society and their friends, accompanied by a Band of music will march to a Grove in Dracutt, where the company will be addressed by several young men of Lowell.

N. B. Ladies and Gentlemen friendly to the cause of Temperance Reform, are earnestly invited to join the procession, and participate in the festivities of the occasion.

☞ A large meeting of the Friends of Peace was lately held in Syracuse, N. Y., which the Texas land speculators endeavored to break up. S. J. May, the well known friend of Reform, participated in the meeting.

Horse-manity.

MR. EDITOR:—In looking over the last number of the 'Voice,' my eye rested on the following sentence: "Are not the team horses of Lowell better cared for, under more humane regulations, allowed more time for their meals, subject to less hours of toil, than our sisters in the factory?"

An incident that fell under my observation in 1843, may serve to throw some light on the subject. An agent went to one of his overseers and told him he must make all his girls tend three looms. The overseer insisted that the work of two was *very* hard, and any addition would be fatal to their health, if not to life—or to use his own language, "it would use them up." "Oh, well," says the agent, "you can get enough more."

The same week a man in his employ whipped one of his horses unreasonably and he discharged him. Now I am not disposed to criticise on the relative value of horses and women, according to the question proposed, but take for granted that the horse had the preference because the agent would not suffer *him* to be "used up."

OPERATIVE.

We thank our "Operative" friend for the foregoing illustration of Corporation Horse-manity. In the absence of humanity this is well. Those who are not lost to all sympathy with the brute creation, may in time, doubtless, become as tender of the life and happiness of women, as they now are of horses. I do not mean aristocratic horses, but *team* horses. It would be too much to expect of corporations, indeed we are not so *just* as to ask, that they shall care for our sisters in the mills, as tenderly and *paternally* as they do for their aristocratic horses. By no means. That would be placing the operatives almost on a level with the elite and refined do-nothings of the "upper ten thousand." That would be giving them perhaps more time than would be required to eat their meals, and reduce the hours of labor down to three or four per day, unless on some extraordinary occasion. No; we are not so *reasonable* as to ask for any such amelioration of the factory system. We only *demand* that our sisters and *your* sisters shall have as much regard paid to their conditions of health and happiness, as you pay to your *team* horses,—that they shall be elevated to the condition of brute property,—that you shall be as careful of doing injury to *human* flesh as *horse* flesh.

And in the name of outraged human nature, —in the name of a just God, I call on the executives of the Factory System in this country, to lessen the hours of toil to the capacity of human endurance—to allow the operatives sufficient time to take their meals, and rest in the intermission of labor; to grant each person a private room, an opportunity for bathing and study, and to surround all with the means of comfort, health and improvement,—in short, to treat the daughters of the people as they would wish to have their daughters treated in the event of a change of circumstances.

Destruction of the Jewish Nation.

Not so much from the devastation and butchery of a foreign army, did this nation fall, as from internal feuds and quarrels among themselves. The Roman general, instead of keeping up a constant warfare upon them, quietly surrounded their city, cut off supplies, and let the work of famine and partizan vengeance fulfil their mission of ruin.

LOWELL, LABOR every where, is being overthrown by the same instrumentalities. An army of capitalists monopolize the soil and machinery, claim as theirs, the houses in which the people live, and the tools by which they create their living, and demand of them the most of their productions, for having allowed them the privilege of laboring on God's free earth. Like Titus, they have cut off the supplies, closed the channels of production, seized upon the instrumentalities of life, and having surrounded the sons and daughters of toil by their infernal machinations, and corsair schemes of gain, they stand around the walls of their hireling prison-houses, and with fiendish glee, see the work of ruin going on within. In other words, they have declared a war of conquest and robbery upon the producing millions, by depriving them of the right to labor, except in the capacity of hired vassals, and compelling them to enter the field of free competition, where every one who seeks bread as the reward of toil, is compelled to clutch at his neighbor's privilege, to underbid him in the markets of labor, turn him out of employment, and become a cannibal by feeding upon the very flesh of his fellows. This is no figure of speech. Hear the famished operatives of England, rending heaven with the fierce threat of "*Bread* or *Blood*." And in this city of Lowell, see the same spirit of competition and strife in the ranks of Labor, the same menial dependence on the favor of soulless monopolies, the same causes of oppression, poverty and ruin.

The Laboring classes of this age are in the position of Jerusalem on the eve of her overthrow. And unless a union of effort and interest can be effected, in the doom and dust of the past let us read our own destiny. Unless we cease our petty jealousies and competitions, in the shriek of Europe's suffering millions, let us hear the wail of fallen freedom in our own land. UNION, friends—*union* for power, power to bless mankind. *Union*, to defend ourselves against the army of freebooters, that are plundering labor of its productions. *Union*, to battle for humanity's right to a home on the earth. *Union*, to organize labor. UNION, NOW AND FOREVER!

Water Cure.

Establishments for the cure of disease in its various forms, by pure water as the only remedial agent, are springing up all over the Country. Regular physicians and commonsense men and women, are the founders of such institutions. Priessnitz the discoverer of the system, and as yet the most extensive practitioner, was an Austrian peasant. Kings and Princes have been his patients and the diseased from all climes, have been to his mountain home to "wash and be healed."

Dr. Robert Wesselhoeft, M. D., a German of distinguished ability, and rare attainments, has established a large hydropathic Infirmary, in Brattleboro, Vt. The application of water as a remedy under his direction has been attended with great success. It was our privilege to visit the Institution last winter, and to hear from the patients themselves, attestations of the almost miraculous power, of this mode of treatment. The "Green Mountain Spring," a periodical, devoted to the exposition of the principles of Water-Cure, and descriptive of the modes of application, and to a record of cases treated in this institution, is published at Brattleboro'. It is edited by David Mack, a philanthropist and reformer, that will leave his mark upon this age. We would refer those interested, to this periodical, for further knowledge upon this subject.

Another Institution of the kind has also, been established in Lynn, Mass., under the care of Dr. E. A. Kittredge, who has lately returned from a visit to the most celebrated hydropathic Establishments of the Old World. Dr. Kittredge was considered a most skilful practitioner upon the old system, revised and corrected, as only the Dr. knew how. But he couldn't cure people fast enough, nor enough of them in the old way, so he went to Europe, with his eyes open, and his heart too, conferred with the most distinguished physicians, bathed in, and drank the old *experienced* water of father-land, and returned thoroughly impregnated, infused, and regenerated, —"*born of the water*." He came home, and straightway converted the Gothic Cottage into a hospital for the sick, the halt, and the lame, and the Gothic *Barn* into a "pool of Siloam," and forthwith the afflicted came, and are fast *being* healed.

It is said in the good book, that a "merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and as Dr. Kittredge, alias "Noggs," is an incarnation of mirth, a pantomimic pun, a walking joke, a breathing satire, and withal a *laughing philosopher*, as well as a true reformer and a good christian, it cannot be doubted that the application of the water-treatment, in his institution will be eminently successful. We would recommend all who are troubled with the *blues*, an affection of the spleen, "hypo" and hysterics, to the special ministry of friend "Noggs."

But here follows another wonder in the "physic"-al heavens:—We were surprised to learn, (no, we are not surprised at anything in these days. We have done asking the question, what in the world will come next? "Things aint now as they used to was," as old Leather Stocking said;) we were happy to learn, that Mrs Neal, who was for a season, a Matron in the Cold-Water Establishment of Dr. Wesselhoeft in Brattleboro', and afterwards, a nurse for several months, in the Hydropathic Institution of David Campbell at Lebanon Springs, has become an M. D. herself (better qualified doubtless than many others in the profession,) and has opened a Cold-Water Infirmary in South Boston, as will be seen by the following extract from a letter which a friend allows us to copy:

"Mr. Hatch has converted his large house into a Water Cure Establishment."

"Of course I have the care of the patients. The first who came under my treatment, had not walked a step for nineteen months, without help. She was brought to me the 25th of May; she now walks two miles in a day. A few days previous to my receiving your letter I had a lady brought from the city, who had not stood upon her feet for eighteen months; nor had she lain in a bed for one year. Here is a difficult case, but by the use of water, proper treatment, and the blessing of God, I hope she will recover. She has been with me ten days, is more comfortable, has lain in bed two nights, and can lie three hours in bed, in the day time, without any difficulty. I have four persons under my care now. In a few days I expect two more from New York City, who will probably stay through the summer. Our baths are beautiful, and water is of the first quality. I need not describe the walks and scenery to you. You know they are unsurpassed, and we have remedial advantages here, that are not possessed in more inland towns, for we have both fresh and salt air and water. And from the first, my practice has been attended with good success.

I am, your Mother ever,

R. R. NEAL."

THE IVORY STATUE OF CHRIST will continue on exhibition at Wentworth's Hall during this week, day and evening, including the 4th. We advise all lovers of the beautiful in art, and all Christians believing in the sweet ministry of symbols, to spend at least one hour with this statue of the Nazarene.

LAND. The land of France belongs to fifteen or twenty millions of peasants, who *cultivate* it; the land of England to an aristocracy of thirty-two thousand individuals, who *get it cultivated*.

☞ LOAFERS! LOAFERS!!—How to get them is the question; and as laborers are seldom Loafers, unless they happen to belong to the *Bakers* profession, but nevertheless are capable of appreciating them quite as highly as others, I am reminded of a Committee, chosen at a late meeting of the Industrial Reformers, consisting of S. C. Bagley, Mary Emerson, myself, and others, (whose names I cannot remember,) to call on the *public* for contributions of such articles of food for our tables at the celebration, as those who have a superabundance of the good things of life, and feel what a *necessary part* of life, this *business of eating* is, might be disposed to bestow.—And with due solemnity, and with the utmost confidence in a hearty response from a generous public, I take this mode of presenting our claims, and discharging my official duty.

Whereas, the 4th of July is a great day, greater in Lowell than anywhere else, (because it is graced with more beautiful ladies) a "day which does not come but once a year," (quite too often for General Toddy-Stick, Capt. Coy, & Co.,) and whereas, it is the birth day of a great nation, (or a nation that might have been *great* had not its high pretensions been hypocritical, and its glorious Declaration of Independence been a "retorical flourish,") and whereas the Industrial Reformers design to perfect the work our fore fathers so nobly begun, and make both the day and the nation as great as they might have been, had the *rights of man*, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, been really guaranteed, by the government,—and whereas, our celebration of this day is intended not only to commemorate the achievements of honored Sires in a conflict for universal freedom; but to rescue the principles and the cause for which they sacrificed and suffered, from being trodden beneath tyrant feet, to set in operation a train of causes, that shall secure to every man, the right to himself, to a permanent home on the earth, to the choice of industrial pursuits, to limit for himself the hours of labor, to an equivalent for what he produces, to the best opportunities for education, and to freedom in every thing;—therefore be it

Resolved, (and unanimously adopted by myself in committee assembled,) that an invitation be hereby extended to the friends of Industrial Reform, especially in Lowell, and the country "round about," to make such contributions from their abundance, or for once, from the comforts, as they may feel able to bestow. Bread, Beef, Beer and Bacon Cakes, Candy, Chickens and Cheries; Pies, Pinks and Posies, will be gratefully received, at 76 Central St., or on the morning of the 4th at the Grove near Pawtucket Bridge.

Signed sealed and delivered, by

Yours' most respectfully,

JOHN ALLEN.

☞ TICKETS, PROCESSION &c. Tickets for the Collation may be had at the Grove, though it is desirable that as many as possible, should be sold beforehand, that the Committee of Arrangements, may be able to make some calculation of the number to be supplied.

A Gentleman just informed us, that some who would like to march in the procession, would be prevented from doing so, under the supposition, that all would be required to purchase tickets. This is a misapprehension. It is a Mass Meeting. We welcome to our celebration the whole city, and as many more as Dracutt will bear without *sinking*.

The 4th of July belongs to every body, and so does the right to join in our celebration.—Ladies and Gentlemen, and *especially the former*, will therefore consider themselves *pecfectly at home*, with the Industrial Reformers, at the approaching festival. We have just been informed that the Young Men's Temperance Society will probably join in the procession and march with us to the Grove.

Persons entering the employment of the Company are considered as engaged for one year.

CHAPTER V.

By reference to the By-Laws in a preceding chapter, it will be seen, that this engagement is binding alike on the experienced and inexperienced, those who have worked much or none at all. Perhaps there is no regulation in the code that is made to work so injuriously upon the *interest* of the operative as this.

It must be admitted by every reflective mind, that it places the girls subjected, to the selfishness or caprice of *her overseer*, and if it does not become an engine of oppression, it is not on account of its giving no power to be such, but because of the generosity of the men who administer the laws.

What have been, and *are* the everyday fruits of this law? We see girls who are ignorant of the real character and disposition of the men who employ them, begin work with a certain compensation promised, and when on payday they do not realize what they had reason to expect they say "I shall not stay unless you pay what you agreed," they have the consolatory assurance, that if they leave they will find a record of their names upon the "black-books" of all the corporations; thereby depriving them of work throughout the city.

The above description is not result of a disordered imagination,—it is the *history* of hundreds in our city, and if a law should be established that should operate as injuriously on *any other class*, its abolition would be regarded worthy the labor of every philanthropist.

The *results* of this law is recorded in part, in the history of Boston and New York, they are written in characters too painful for our pen.

When shall the increasing light of this age illuminate this dark portion of our earth, and the fathers and brothers of our bonsted *free* states *demand* the rights of their daughters and sisters? God speed the time for *virtue's* and *humanity's* sake.

New Papers.

"*Equal Rights Advocate*," is the title of a weekly paper, the first number of which has reached us, published at Chatham 4 Corners, Columbia co., N. Y. It is the exponent of the Anti-Rent movement in that county. Its leading thought is "*A free soil for a free people*"—which, by the way, we think would be a better motto than the one chosen, "Equal rights is the only soil in which humanity will grow." It is edited by JOHN EVANS, with an earnestness that will command attention. He evidently writes because he has something to say; which is not a universal practice in these days. We wish friend E. abundant success, both in his undertaking and his aims.

"*The Forum*," Lynn, Mass., has passed to its second number. It is edited and published by "ALGER," who knows every body, and is known by every body, at least in Lynn. He means to tell the people the latest news about town and country, in which benevolent work he has ever been successful. He has our best wishes.

"*The Propeller*," Gloucester, Mass., Capt. T. DAVIS, editor, is a brilliant paper, that has been published semi-occasionally, heretofore, and is promised at least monthly for the future. Its aim seems to be, to glorify the ancient and flourishing town of G., to publish the extensive travels and sage observations of its talented editor, and to convince the public that "some things can be done as well as others." We have no doubt it will accomplish its mission!

A MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT occurred in one of the factories at Manchester, N. H., on Saturday morning last. Miss Elvira Rumrill —sister of Miss Sarah R., the well known friend of Industrial Reform—was caught by the hand and drawn into the machinery, her arm broken in several places, and her chest severely bruised and injured. She was suffering intensely when last heard from.

What ought Corporations to do when our sisters are thus mangled and crippled in their service? *This*, and more. They should guarantee to them, for the remainder of life, a comfortable home with their friends—the best surroundings and opportunities for social happiness. And *perish* the Corporation that will not do it! A present of $5000, from the factory in Manchester, would be but a paltry consideration for the injury done our suffering sister.

☞ C. M. W., of Providence, is assured that we have no doubt of his honesty, though no cash returns have been made from the Agent spoken of. Will he have the kindness to inform us whether he was paid by any others who received the bills last week? It is of some importance *for us* to know.

John Allen, formerly of Brook Farm, has become the editor of the "Voice of Industry," at Lowell. If we are not wholly mistaken in the man, John will make that "Voice of Industry" heard through all the land. [Harrc Gazette.

We try, friend, second our efforts, and make your paper an equivalent for the ancient coin, "gazetta."

CELEBRATION AT DEDHAM. We call the attention of the Friends of the Slave, to the Anti-Slavery Pic-Nic and Fair, to be held in Dedham on the 4th. Channing, Garrison, Phillips, and other distinguished speakers, will be present and address the gathering.

☞ The Ten Hour System—Freedom of the Soil—the Indicnable Homestead—the Organization of Labor by the State—and other subjects of the first importance to the *world's brave workers*, will be discussed at the Celebration on the 4th. Let all who glory in the name and deeds of Washington, in the heroism and principles of Jefferson and Franklin, in the glorious achievements of our Fathers of '76, be on hand, to raise their voices in united acclaim for a new Declaration of Independence.

> "Now's the day, and now's the hour—
> See the front of battle lower,
> See approach Oppression's power,
> Let us do or die!"

SIGNS OF TIMES.—We understand that on Tuesday evening last, several Temperance Reformers (?) connected with the "Niagara," were dismissed from the Young Men's Temperance Society, on the ground that they were obstacles to the success of the Society. O tempora! O mores!

A series of *real* love-letters have been given into our possession, for publication. First number next week. The names of the parties will be given in the concluding letters, if they are not published previously under the head of marriages.

☞ "You are great on figures, ain't you?" said a Massachusetts Yankee to Master Stafford, the juvenile Vermont Mathematician. "Well, I *reckon*," said the young Vermonter.

News About Town.

RUN'S DOINGS.—A man who was arrested for beating his wife when in a state of intoxication, jumped out of the window of the Police Court room, and broke both his legs. He has since died.

The Lowell Brass Band gave a beautiful and soul-stirring concert in our streets on Saturday evening last. The heart that cannot be warmed and elevated by being awaked by a band of music in the night, has little to boast in the way of refinement.

RELIGIOUS.—The Sabbath Labor Christians made a Quarterly Report on Sabbath last. It was supposed by some that their *general agent* was present, as the report was strongly impregnated with brimstone.

FIRE.—An alarm of fire was given on Sunday last, in a house on Middle street. There seems no rational way by which the fire could be communicated to a bed, by the inmates, as it was not exposed to fire from the chimney. It *might* have been 'spontaneous combustion,' and if such fires should occur often, in the crowded apartments of our operative homes, they could be accounted for, perhaps, on scientific principles.

SOMETHING NEW.—A new and beautiful article of ladies dress is making a great *bustle* on Merrimack street. A description of it will put you right on the subject. It is a miniature balloon—"real cool." Advertisement in another column.

The gentleman who grinds scissors, makes them real keen, as our editorial clippings will testify.

POETIC.—Any lady who will send a bunch of flowers to No. 76 Central street, on the morning of the Fourth, will have them acknowledged in *due form*. They are needed to ornament the tables in the grove for the celebration.

Have you tried that newly invented penholder, found at J. Allen's Book and Music store, Merrimack street? It is to the point.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Our Country—Right or Wrong!

Although this sentiment is repudiated and denounced by many as unjust and absurd, when applied to "our country," who can deny that it is the very spirit and basis of our present social, legal, financial and political actions.

Are we not taught to protect and defend our own selves first, under all circumstances, and do we not do it, right or wrong; next, are we not taught to protect and defend our children, families and particular friends, their interests, property, characters, positions and occupations, right or wrong, and do we not aim to do it? Are not our lawyers bound under oath, to protect and defend their clients, right or wrong? Are we not bound to obey the laws of the country in which we live, right or wrong? Do we not swear to support the Constitution of our country, right or wrong, good or evil? Does not the successful gambler claim his wager, right or wrong? the hungry, avaricious lawyer his exhorbitant fees, right or wrong? the "Shylock" miser and money-monger, the very extreme of his bond, right or wrong? and the master his slave, right or wrong? Do not our grasping lovers of land, or mortgagers, after receiving one half of the value, or more of a farm, sue up a mortgage and dispossess the mortgagee getting back the farm together with the money, interest and improvements made by the cultivator, after long years of hard labor, without once inquiring whether it is right or wrong? Do not the pirate and highway robber claim our money and obtain it if they can, right or wrong? Does not the avaricious speculator claim all he can get in trade and monopoly, whether of goods, money or land, (the free gift of God,) whether right or wrong? Does not the politician claim all the advantage he can gain by fraud, deception, abuse, intrigue and duplicity, justified by the motto—Your party, right or wrong? Must not our military men rush to the battle field at the command of a superior officer, without liberty to inquire whether right or wrong? Sufficient for them, "their country calls"—let innocent millions be sacrificed—'tis for "ourselves" we fight.

Until we can strip the bandage from the eyes of Justice, we shall govern and be governed by force and fraud. Our private and our public interests will clash, and we shall sustain the relation of enemies to each other. Man will continue to be the worst enemy of man; individuals, families and nations will be arrayed against each other; capital and labor will clash, make serious havoc, and war with each other; force them into large competitive bodies, compel them to work for less than will sustain them, force them to dive into the dock, kill and destroy each other, as the late history of oppressed labor in Brooklyn has clearly proven.

All this proceeds as naturally and inevitably from the established principle of 'our cause,' whether right or wrong, as does heat and light proceed from the sun, the great fountain of light and heat; for who expects a bitter fountain to send forth sweet waters, "or a corrupt tree to bring forth good fruit." There is no fraud or abuse which might not be justified under this banner.

The rumseller takes our money from us in a far more objectionable way, than the pure, unmitigated thief, as he gives us back a destructive dose, worse than the Mexicans' copper bullets—which destroys us and often our families; and all this he does for his own supposed especial benefit; and surely he cannot stop to consider whether this is right or wrong!

May God protect the Right; and may men soon learn to do the same. JUSTICE.

New York, June 22, 1846.

Huzza! for the Glorious Fourth!

Who is not coming to our Jubilee? Will any absent themselves on that joyous day? I trust that every heart will respond to the call of the sons and daughters of Industry, and be present and join in our festival. Nature has decked the spot with every thing that is bright and beautiful; art will lend a helping hand, and if possible add new beauties to the scene. There will be speeches, toasts and sentiments; soul-stirring music by Bond's splendid Brass Band, beautiful songs and quartetts by the New England Vocalists, and the mellow tones of Bradley's voice will also be heard. Come, then, old and young, married and single, join in this "feast of reason and flow of soul."

Ladies, come! your voices are ever heard in the cause of bleeding humanity—then let them be raised at this time. Our aim is to ameliorate the condition of the laboring classes; can you think of a worthier object?

Ho, ye bachelors! see ye not the bright eyes and smiling faces of the chaste and beautiful of our land? *To arms!* then, ere excessive toil has dimmed the eye of beauty, and made the heart sick. Up! and rally around the broad flag of peace, and then shoulder to shoulder fight the good fight and gain a bloodless victory.

P——.

Necessity of Union.

The Laborer is the engine of support to society. Capital and skill may be employed, but labor executes. Still, of the three, labor receives the least compensation. It is sunk from its true dignity. Man, through the bloated power of wealth, has become the lordly tyrant, and rules the humble laborer with the same heartless disregard of his rights and feelings that the mechanic does his tools. He requires of him as much passiveness, as the Czar of Russia does of his serfs. "Come here! go there! do this and that, at my price, or you are no longer my servants," are his commonplace commands.

Now the questions may be asked, What is the cause of this, and is there no remedy? A modern writer remarks, with much truthfulness, "Men are not made slaves of, but they make slaves of themselves." Union in action is required to maintain the laborers' rights. A majority of the people of this State are laborers. They are clothed with the responsibility of fettering or giving liberty to themselves. But union is required! This mighty instrument will secure Legislative enactments to ameliorate the condition of the laborer. This is what the capitalist most dreads. He well knows that when the laborers arise and assert their rights, they will prevail. Disunion among the laborers only serves to increase the wealth and confidence of the capitalist, and to give him greater boldness to grind the poor under his iron heel.

Laborers then be united! he united and assert your importance, and do so [illegible]

The "Voice of Industry" is your friend. If you have any prejudices against it, put them away—give it support—it is the laborer's organ, and if it has not been what it should be, the laborers can make it such. They established it, and with good support, it may be the best paper in the land. Many of the laboring class in Lowell, perhaps suffer as much as any in this country. Some men with families in this city, have salaries of but $250 each, per year to support themselves, their wives and three or four children. Such men may be found in the Dye-House on the Middlesex Corporation, and their labor is harder than that of almost any other set of men. Indeed, it is such as requires the staunchest constitution to endure it.

The capitalist to whose dictum they how unreservedly, would deem this salary a small sum of money to pay for his cigars, and to his boot-black and barber.

Again I repeat, be united! Carry your cause into the Legislative Halls, and your energies can no more be crippled or checked than Time itself. A BROTHER.

Lowell, 13th June, 1846.

T. D. Bonner—the Niagara.

I had affirmed that I should leave this man's slang notices and abuse to flourish or fall on their own merits. I would, however, urged by my friends, briefly notice a few points in his last communication to the public, fully assured that he could not have injured himself, or benefitted me more, that he has in sending forth his last ungentlemanly and libellous article. It speaks for itself, and is a good sample of the man. It is not true that I wrote him letter after letter, holding forth every possible inducement" to him. Fwrote but two letters, the first giving him the editorial chair on condition that he would advance $250 to start the paper. The second was in regard to his own business, and concerned the removing his family to Lowell. He put in—*nothing*. Perhaps this letting him off was the "every possible inducement." As to my "being sick of my bargain," I denounced the conduct of these men the evening I signed the paper, as base and infamous. He says "these figures don't lie." How does he reconcile his statement when he affirmed that I retired at a great sacrifice, and when he knew every thing in regard to my standing and character before? What authority has he to insinuate what he dare not affirm, in regard to the Pic-Nic concern, when he is well aware that the accounts were satisfactorily settled, a committee being appointed to examine the vouchers, who fully exonerated me? But it is wasting time to notice in this way this man. I request all, even my enemies and his friends, to read his "history" of me, and examine well its texture and spirit. Would it be possible to get together a more low, base, editor-degrading editorial? Suppose I have "sold milk;" is a man degraded by his calling? If so, this man's slang is endless. "You graduate from a shoe-bench," "you bellows-blower," "you factory dancer," &c., are set phrases *ad infinitum*, for shoemakers, blacksmiths, factory operatives, &c.! It is to be hoped his taste will be duly appreciated, and he graduated accordingly. A few specimens: "He the Ass, *alias* tin," "from the Ass, *alias* tim," "ignoramus," "bubble," "dog in the manger," "tim, eh!" "tim, don't lie," "young sprout," "falsehood on its dirty face," "Miss W. of Tyngsboro'," "disposition of the hyena," "the most outrageous and barefaced falsehoods and mis-statements," "by the rummies," "kind of blubbers," &c. &c. Now here is the fine taste and gentlemanly address of T. D. Bonner, editor of a temperance paper. Verily, he is the reformer of his age! *I shall prosecute him to the extent of the law*; and, in so doing, conceive that I am doing good to the cause of temperance, justice, good taste, benevolence, and humanity—and to the *language itself*. Society have had enough of the Crockett and Sam Patch style, and it is time the whole community should frown upon it as it deserves. I shall be fully vindicated.

TIMOTHY PEARSONS.

Receipts for the 'Voice.'

J H Coolidge 2,00; Geo L Young, D Burdeck, C B Pease, W M Bronson, W B Prichard, A Hollingsworth, 1,00 each; A Fosdick, C Goff, N R Crone, E Rood, J Frost, M Alvord, J Martin, N Backminster, E Waldan, 50 cts each; Simpson, Miss Rowe, E Ransom, C Dunbar, B Wasson, W W Godfrey, C Hopkins, C C Sawyer, C Blake, M Garty, 25 cts each.

4th of July!

INDUSTRIAL REFORM CELEBRATION IN LOWELL!

N. B. Vocalists! Lowell Brass Band! Collation! Toasts and Speeches!

A Procession will be formed at half past nine o'clock A. M., with music and banners, near the City Hall, and march to a beautiful Grove on the banks of the Merrimack, where the day will be spent in a manner becoming the sons of Revolutionary Fathers. The friends of Labor Reform everywhere—in city and country—are earnestly invited to join in the festivities of the occasion.

Messrs. WRIGHT and MCFARLAND, of Boston, A. BRISBANE, of New York, and other advocates of the Rights of Labor, will be present and address the meeting. Arrangements will be made for social amusements at a little distance from the speakers' stand. The Lecture will be especially invited.

Tickets for the Collation may be obtained at this office, and at the Bookstores.

Fourth of July.

At the meeting of the New England Working Men's Association, held in Boston on the 20th, 27th and 28th of May, a Committee of Arrangements, to celebrate the Fourth of July, were appointed, as follows:

Boston—W W Brown, Chairman, [illegible] S Fletcher, W F Young, N F Lund, S G Bagley, Mary Emerson, E J Allen, H F Stone.

Manchester—S B Davis, Samuel Clarke, Mrs Sarah Clarke, Miss Sarah Rumrill.

Nashua—H B Hill, Miss Martha Bursiel.

Woburn—W D Leavitt.

Worcester—Appleton Fay, J M Billings.

East Bridgewater—L B Parker.

☞ TICKETS for the Celebration at Lowell on the Fourth of July, may be had at the following places:

Lowell—"Voice of Industry" office, Telegraph office, and Bookstores.

Boston—James Campbell, E. W. Parkman, J. G. Kaulback, D. Bryant.

South Boston—S. H. Allen.

Hyde Park—C. A. Brown, Edna Kipler, Sarah Rumrill.

Nashua—C. T. Gill's bookstore.

Fitchburg—S. & C. Shepley.

Lynn—Philip Chase.

Woburn—W. D. Leavitt.

Worcester—Appleton Fay, J. M. Billings.

N. Andover, Frye Village—David Ariddleton.

S. Andover—Wm. Irish.

N. Chelmsford—Joseph H. Pierce.

N. B. It is desirable that all persons expecting to attend should purchase tickets at as early a day as possible, in order that the Committee of Arrangements may know how many to provide for.

Highly Important to the Ladies.

HOUGH'S PATENT SKIRTS are now for sale at 117 Merrimack street. The subscriber would take this opportunity to inform the ladies that these Skirts are pronounced by all who have used them, to be the *very best article* of the kind that has ever been invented. For comfort, utility and convenience, this Skirt is a decidedly superior article. It highly recommends itself at this season of the year, it being very light and cool. One excellent quality is, their washing is an improvement, instead of an injury. It does not require starch, and will always retain its stiffness and pliability, and never break down or get out of its original shape. Already the great demand for this article in New York and other large cities, has proved beyond a doubt, that there is nothing used which can compete with it. It may justly be considered one of the greatest improvements in the article of dress ever invented. The ladies are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. The subscriber, who is from New York, has taken a store for a few days, at 117 Merrimack st., where he will be happy to receive the patronage of the public.

H. F. VALL.

3tf No. 117 Merrimack street.

PLACE WANTED!

A GIRL, fourteen years of age, would like a place with a farmer, a retired gentleman or a mechanic. Apply at this office personally or by letter. Good reference given and required.

Lowell, July 1, 1846. 3tf

NOTICES.

☞ The "Sewing Circle," and "Circle for Mutual Improvement," hold their meetings every Friday evening, at 76 Central street, at 8 o'clock.

LOWELL, June, 1846. S. SILVER, Sec'y.

The Manchester Labor Reform Association will meet every alternate Saturday evening, at Temple Hall, Factory Building. The members of the Female Association and all others friendly to the great cause in which we are engaged, are most cordially invited to attend.

J. P. CURRIER, Sec'y.

☞ The WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION Division No. 1, meets at No. 5 Boylston Hall, Boston, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WM. J. RANDLACE, Sec'y.

The VOICE OF INDUSTRY, is for sale at the following places:—

LOWELL—At the Book Stores, generally; also at Melvin's Merrimack St., Priest's Hidden St. and by E. C. Darling & Co., No. 7 Merrimack st.

SALEM—At Luther Chandler's Periodical Store.

BOSTON—By E. W. Parkman.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—At C. A. Brown's, and N. F. Merrill's Book Stores; also at Capt. Walter French's Restaurator.

NASHUA—At C. T. Gill's Book Store, Exchange Building.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—By John Ferral.

NEWBURYPORT—William Snell & Co., Periodical Agents.

LET IT BE REMEMBERED—That this paper is upon a firm and permanent basis, a large number of responsible individuals, being personally obligated for its regular issuing in their names for one year's subscription, together with the $1,00 for the same.

To the Public.

WE, the undersigned, citizens of Lowell, have thoroughly tested Dr. H. H. DOANE'S Dental operations in every department of his profession. We have also examined parts and full sets of his Plate Teeth: we have always found his work well executed, and charges very reasonable. This we think, is sufficient evidence that confidence can be placed in him as a Dentist.

Horace Parmenter,	Thomas B. Ford,
George W. Patterson,	Andrew W. Doe,
Theo. L. Hastings,	William H. Stevens,
Theophilus S. Smith,	George J. Adams,
Darius G. Merriam,	J. T. G. Leach, M. D.
Isaac Deming,	T. L. Randlett.
Ivers Taylor,	

Office open day and evening, Sundays excepted.
Merrimack street, Lowell. No. 119
3 1y

TO THE SICK OF LOWELL AND ITS VICINITY.

IT is now becoming an unhealthy season of the year. I have during the last eight years of my life, directed my attention to curing the sick by a vegetable electric process; and can in a short time, if called on, arrest any virulent disease. There is no necessity for any young or middle-aged person to lie weeks on a bed of languishment. The means used, viz. bleeding, blistering, cold poisonous medicines, and drastic purges; concentrate, fix, make permanent, virulent and inveterate disease, and it such cases as bilious cholic, high bilious and typhus fevers; in nine out of ten, in the hands of the mineral faculty, result in death. It is a perversion of common sense to reject vegetables as medicines, and resort to minerals. It is a awful and cruel thing, with human life, and all the high and endearing interests which cluster around it, and the time will come when to administer what the mineral faculty are now giving, will be ranked as murder in the first degree. You take the most deadly poisons and give them to your children, and it is this which is filling your graves with mourning.

Dr. John Mitler, a Botanic Physician in Augusta co., Geo., in 1839, when the mineralists were losing 4 out of 5, lost but 1 out of 25 patients—all subjects of a fearful epidemic. Dr. Lapham, of Hudson, N. Y., lost out of 3500 patients taken under his hands successively, only 7, being only 1 in 500. We do not think it necessary for a fever "to have its course." I have been a year in a Botanic Infirmary, in which out of 1300 patients of all kinds of disease, there were but 2 deaths, making only 1 in 650. These are facts; think on them. Why doctor your children and yourselves *fastmeals* at such an immense hazard? You are ignorant of the laws of your nature—you sicken and die not by disease, but by the poisons given you. We are prepared to sustain and demonstrate the fact.

JAMES S. OLCOTT.

Lowell, June 30th, 1846. 3tf

Phrenology.

DR. N. WHEELER has opened an Office, up one flight of stairs in Wentworth's building, on Merrimack street, between the City Hall and Depot, where he will receive visitors, examine heads, describe characters and mark charts, for a reasonable compensation. ☞ Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and see.

DR. JAMES S. OLCOTT,

BOTANIC PHYSICIAN. Office, 3d story Wentworth's building, near the Railroad Depot.

TO THE PUBLIC. I would respectfully say I have my practice in Lowell, recommend Dr. JAMES S. OLCOTT to my patients, patrons, and friends, and to the Thomsonian public generally, as an able physician, and as one upon whose character, both as a gentleman and a scholar, they may implicitly rely. He was regarded by the New York Medical Botanic Society, and the Dr. Samuel Thomson, as highly efficient in extending both his theory and practice. I have consulted with him frequently in difficult cases, and have ever coincided with him in his judgment and advice. I believe they will give him their patronage. AARON P. HOLT,

Thomsonian Botanic Physician.

Lowell, June 19th, 1846. 3tf

Stoves, Stoves, Stoves!

WAGER & DATEN'S air-tight Cooking Stoves, with a general assortment of both new and old Copper and Iron Pumps, Soap Stones, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, &c.

Setting and repairing Pumps, and all kinds of Job Work, done at short notice, at J. W. & D. BANGS', opposite the Washington House.

Cash paid for Rags, Copper, Brass, Rubber, Old Iron, &c. &c. 48tf

NOTICE TO INVALIDS.

WATER CURE HOUSE,

MILFORD SPRINGS, N. H., BY

3m51 A. W. OSBORNE.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

(No. 66 Merrimack street, Lowell.)

THOMAS FOOTMAN,

MANUFACTURES and keeps constantly on hand, a large assortment of Gentlemen and Ladies' Boots and Shoes. 48tf

FRANKLIN BOOKSTORE AND PERIODICAL DEPOT.

C. A. BROWN,

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,

No. 1 Union Building, one door south of the Town Hall, Manchester, N. H. A good assortment of papers and periodicals constantly on hand.

ABRAM FRENCH,

DEALER IN

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE CLOTHING, TAILOR'S TRIMMINGS, and

Gentlemen's Furnishing Articles.

At the Tailoring Establishment connected with the above, garments will be made to order, in the most fashionable style and best workmanship.

Bank Building, 76 Central street, Lowell.

Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW JR.

The following are the words of my text:

> If I had a donkey what wouldn't go,
> Do you think I'd wollop him? No, no, no!

My hearers—that little word *if*, though insignificant to look at, is one of the most important and powerful in the English language. It serves as a propeller, sometimes, to mighty sentences; and, were it not for the diminutive, though equally potent, monosyllable, *but*, there would be no telling where its go-ahead-itiveness would end. Now, my beloved, deceitful, deceiving and deceived wretches, how often do you say to yourselves, "If I only had such a thing, I would do so and so," when you know very well, or ought to know—from observation and your own experience—that you wouldn't do any such thing. An' *if*, planted in the path of your purpose, might as well be there as not; for, were it not removed, you would turn off and take some other road.—You, who are poor and lazy, think that if you had five hundred dollars, just for a starter, you would go to work with it and build up a fortune in a hurry: but you are deceived—industry, energy, and ambition, can acquire wealth, without a red cent to begin with; but laziness, even with the assistance of five hundred dollars, must for ever remain in the mire of poverty. You think that if you were wealthy—had a few millions at command—you would be happy as a young nigger in a sugar hogshead: but no—you would be continually stung by swarms of cares, and your lives would be as miserable as mine is careless and contented. You think that if you had all this money, you would open your ears, your hearts and your purses to the calls of charity, and lend small sums to the Lord, by giving sixpence to the poor and needy: but then again you are mistaken—for when a pitiful beggar came to implore your assistance, you would cast upon him a fearful and agonizing frown—fresh from a fretted soul within, and look, for all the world, like a rat-dog lying in the sun, scowling and snarling at the annoying importunities of a horse-fly.

My friend—I suppose you are of the opinion, that, if you were riding a donkey that wouldn't proceed with mild persuasion and gentle encouragement, you would get off and let the animal tire out his own stubbornness, rather than wollop him with the cudgel of cruelty. You think this, because you don't own a donkey. If you had one, and he wouldn't go till some time after he got ready, I'd bet the kingdom of heaven to Coney Island that you'd give him such a cudgelling as would do honor to the science of flagelation; but if you saw anybody else doing the same thing to your donkey, you would call him a cruel monster, and perhaps fall to and give him a flogging. The fact is, you all want to do the whipping yourselves, and allow none others the privilege.—If somebody had stepped up behind, and beaten Baalam's ass for him, while the rider was thumping the poor beast so unmercifully between the ears, there is no doubt but Baalam would have been mad about it, to say the least.

My dear friends—you who have not passed that 'borne from whence no traveler returns'—I mean you who are not yet married, but who desire to be—think that, *if*, you were hy... ...love would twine her... you could live upon love when beef and bread and potatoes were scarce; that then the golden moments and silver-winged hours would flit as noiselessly and prettily along life's flowery lane as butterflies o'er the blossomed heath; and the atmosphere perpetually glittering with the spangles of pleasure shaken from the pinions of Time. But don't you indulge in any such romantic notions. The hot soup of love *will* cool, in a degree, even though set in the warm sun of fondness; darkening clouds will sometimes drift athwart the connubial sky; and in your gardens of delight will, now and then, be found a flower without fragrance, and roses that bloom amid thorns. The most you can reasonably expect to find in the dominion of matrimony, my friends, is a happy home, a small but steady stream of love, contentment, peace: and this is far more, you weather-warped, pride-puckered and care-soured old maids and bachelors than you ever thought of possessing.

My hearers—*if*, (no doubt you each say) I were to live my life over again, I would pursue altogether a different course. I would avoid every stump that I have run against in my travels, steer clear of every mud hole, and arrive at the end of life with a clean shirt and unbarked shins. There is little question but you would; but remember you have only one life to live in this troublesome world. So shove all *ands*, *ifs* and *buts* aside, and go the rest of the way as though you had profited by the experience of the past. The lamp of reason will guide you from sloughs and ditches; the star of hope will cheer you onward; temperance will give you strength to progress; [illegible]

☞ The following letter purchased at the Gathering, we deem worthy to be read by all. H. J. S.

MANCHESTER, June 6, 1846.

RESPECTED FRIEND:—My text you will find somewhere. I have forgotton the book; but these are words, "*In the sweat of thy brow, thou shalt eat bread.*"

We have a great work before us. Giant institutions having the countenance of ages, are in our way. The aristocracy of wealth with its unholy social and legislative influence must be uprooted and overturned. We must therefore gather round our standard with renewed efforts, and while its broad folds shall emblazon the motto of Truth and Justice, we must at the same time, raise a long, deep cry of elevation of the laboring poor. We seek to cultivate and develope a higher degree of moral and intellectual power among the laboring classes—we seek to attain, and so direct that power, that working men may fully realize their present condition and its natural tendencies. We seek to arouse them to a full knowledge of their rights, and knowing they will dare maintain them. In our onward course, we must demand that public opinion, whose voice is ponderous and iron-tongued, and whose vibrating tones govern legislative assemblies shall speak out with a scorn, that will ring to the poles in its hatred of the present, almighty dollar grasping system, which is heartlessly destroying all the finer sensibilities of our sympathetic natures, and degrading us to a brute callousness for suffering humanity. We must demand of society, to so constitute itself, that the wants and necessities of its humblest member shall be cared for, with tenderness, and kindly supplied; we must demand a more equalized system of labor—a system which shall make labor attractive, and render more effectually to each man and woman the products of their own toil.

Our Legislators are continually strengthening the protection of property, and thus weakening the protection of labor. And moreover, we must demand an entire overthrow of the present slave-like, health-destroying, mind-subverting system of obtaining a subsistence for ourselves and families a system which compels us, not only to be diligent, but to exert ourselves from early dawn until long after nature has administered an indignant rebuke to man's avarice by withholding its light, clearly indicating a time for labor to cease. Who supposes that our first parents were doomed to labor by candlelight and with spectacles? Oppression has fastened upon us this system, which compels us to continually violate the laws of our nature, by working from twelve to sixteen hours each day, in an unnatural position and an impure air. Is it possible that such is the destiny of intelligent beings, and that the reward is a mere subsistence for themselves and families, and in many cases scarcely that? Tell me not that we are improvident and waste our earnings, that we squander our money in vain and useless pleasures. Is this more true of us, than of our employers? This inequality is morally and religiously wrong, and therefore should be done away with. Let the laborer look well to this matter. Are we not obliged to coop ourselves up like so many prisoners in a penitentiary—so many galley slaves chained to the oar, to labor and delve in order that our shrewd employers may amass fortunes and build their splendid palaces? That our present system ... exaggerated in its effects ... power of "Tom Hood" ... of the ... to portray even a tithe of the evils growing out of it. See the puny form, the sallow complexion, the premature decay of youth, the hectic flush, the hollow cough, aye consumption's ghastly form, and disease in every shape, arising from occupation like ours. And in view of all these evils, shall we remain idle? Shall we continue to lie supinely on our backs, hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Shall we not rather adopt as our maxim "If we would be free, 'tis ourselves must strike the blow." Workingmen let me exhort you to arouse from your lethargy, and henceforth resolve, that you

> "Will speak out, though all earth's systems crack,
> You will not bate a single word, nor take a letter back."

From the Young America.

Letter from John O. Wattles.

Cincinnati, May, 1846.

BROTHER EVANS—Enclosed is a V. for Young America. It is read with deep interest here. Those who think it their duty to vote are beginning to see that to "*Vote themselves a Farm*" is one of the most important votes they have ever been called upon to cast, and much more certain and safe than a fighting trip to Texas. It is seen by the observing that the next most important thing after securing the "right to be," is the right to be *somewhere.*

They find that God has given them an existence, but has not given them the right to exist anywhere, nor anything to exist on.

The earth is very large, it is true, but somebody else has a claim on it.

There is a vast abundance of food produced, but somebody else has possession of it.

There is labor-saving machinery sufficient ... to do twice the labor of the inhabitants, but this is all the worse for them ... [illegible]

the power to make it otherwise, they have suffered it so to be until they will suffer it no longer. If the people own the land, and the people are the sovereigns, there is a very great certainty that the sovereign people will claim their own.

This cause seems to tower above and overtop all other causes now in the *political* world, and when it is fairly before the people, will sweep the nation like a tempest.

I can see no possible preventation to its speedy triumph, unless there should be created some intervening power to operate between the people and the government.

But while, as an individual, I cannot consistently take part with the self-constituted "powers that be," I am convinced that in a country where the voice of the people constitutes the government, the government will be what the voice of the people will make it.

And as "*Progression*" is written in sunbeams in the heavens, Humanity can but look up and read; there must be progression, *politically*, as well as in all other departments of life.

From the Dollar Newspaper, Philadelphia.

The Rothschilds' Wealth.

THE FRUITS OF A BAD SYSTEM.

The Rothschilds have a fortune of $156,000,000; and Lord somebody, who lately died in England, has left a fortune of 50 millions of dollars. Though the Rothschilds *operate* in Paris and London, yet Frankfort, Vienna, and other German cities, have been and are the principal theatre of their business. And in what has this business consisted? In buying and selling stocks; in negociating loans, or standing between lender and borrower, and receiving payment for transacting their mutual business. We urge nothing against this business, as we participate in no groundless prejudice against brokers. They hold the same position between borrowers and lenders, or buyers and sellers of money and evidences of debt, with merchants between producers and consumers. Like merchants, they are distributors. But we *do* complain of the system which reduces millions to extreme poverty, and all its consequent miseries, and enables one man or family to amass, in a single generation, 150 millions of dollars. Ten thousand dollars, invested in a farm, a mechanical trade, or in commerce, will afford an ample provision to a family of moderate numbers, and is more than most farmers, mechanics or merchants possess, even in our country of general distribution. The wealth of these Rothschilds, thus divided, would supply 15,000 such families. Divided in portions of $5,000, more than the majority of our farmers and mechanics possess, it would supply 30,000 such families, and at the rate of five persons to each family, would afford, with reasonable labor, all the comforts of life to 150,000 persons. Hence 150,000 persons must be reduced from comfort to absolute destitution, to enable one family to own 150 millions of dollars! Such a system is awful! The statistics of Berlin, the capital of Prussia, with a population of 352,000, show about 70,000 paupers and criminals, the latter being driven to crime by poverty. And whence this enormous poverty? It is produced by bad government, producing standing armies, royal luxury, governmental loans, paper money, stock markets, monopolies of land and money, landed barons and rag-barons. And how many paupers ... The question can be answered ... British Isles ... barons, landed and ragged. And we are rapidly building up the system. One individual in the East can own five millions of acres in the West, and thereby compel 31,250 men to remain landless paupers, instead of becoming indepent farmers. And a bank can lend $700,000 to another "enterprising person" to speculate in stocks, while it will not discount a responsible mechanic's note for $500. And so we go, building up a system that builds up Rothschilds and paupers! And where will it end? Just where it *has* ended in England and Germany. And where will *that* end? Just where it ended in France in 1789! Like causes operating upon like subjects, always produce like effects. *So* God has decreed, and *so* man cannot repeal. These Rothschilds, while accumulating 150 millions of dollars from the pockets of others, have not added a cent to the wealth of the world. They have not raised a potato, or manufactured a button, or distributed an ounce of bread between farmer and mechanic, or any others. We say this in reproach of the system, not of them.—The system is founded upon the very vices of the political and social constitution. And thus through a system originating in mischiefs which ought not to exist, and which would not exist under a good government, well administered, is one family able to accumulate enormous wealth, and thus create multitudes of paupers and criminals! Retribution must follow, and as it has followed, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord."—"And I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and the fourth generation, of them that hate me."

A lawyer, on his death-bed, willed all his property to a lunatic asylum. On being asked his reason for so doing, he said he wished his money to return to the same liberal class who patronized him and elected him to the [illegible]

High Wages.

With all civilized people the laborer is considered worthy of his hire, though all are not paid in the same ratio. This inequality is found to exist with corporate bodies, especially manufacturing establishments. The agents of these establishments are constantly striving to reduce the wages of the operatives, who labor from twelve to fifteen hours per day, and receive from 1 to $2 per week for their services, while they are receiving 1500 or $2000 a year, besides being furnished with waiters, horses, carriages, and other et ceteras for their special accommodation, and have not sufficient business to attend to, to furnish them with the quantum of exercise necessary for their health. If asked to raise the wages of the operatives, the reply is that the profits will not allow it; that they only divide 30 or 35 per cent, and if business is not better, or, if the tariff is reduced they shall have to cut down the present prices or stop their works. O consistency, thou art a jewel, and it would be well for mankind if thou wouldst take up thine abode in the midst of *such* poverty. If these privileged agents wish to diminish the expenses of the several establishments with which they are connected, let them commence with themselves—cut down their exorbitant salaries, and make their pay in proportion to those they employ—labor the same number of hours—then, if the profits will not pay 6 per cent, let them reduce *their* wages still lower, and the operatives' wages in the same proportion. This is a larger per centage than the farmer receives from the money which he has invested in land, and why should corporations demand a greater? If your gains then are larger than the farmers', who have not, neither do they ask for those exclusive privileges which you enjoy, let the producers or workers share of the benefits which have been conferred upon you by the law-makers of our land.—*Ex.*

EDUCATION. A city boy learned Greek and Latin, became a dextrous hair-splitter in theology, and settled as a country parson. He was advised to cultivate the parsonage, raise his own potatoes, and scratch around his own cabbage-heads. He accordingly hired a farmer to plough his grounds, who having nearly finished the potato patch, encountered a stump and broke the plough. He waited upon the learned man, informed him of the misfortune, and told him he could do no more without another plough. The parson, who had seen a cart-rut on a side-hill, somewhat resembling a furrow, and very anxious to have the field all ploughed, inquired of the farmer—"*Can't you finish it with the cart?*"

War is murder in the lump; and armies are nothing more than hired Cains with uniforms on. [Douglas Jerrold.

E. B. LEWIS,
HAIR-DRESSER AND PERFUMER,
REAR OF STAGE OFFICE,
No. 9 Central st. Lowell.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
VOICE OF INDUSTRY,
THE PEOPLE'S PAPER,
ORGAN OF THE NEW ENGLAND WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT NO. 76, CENTRAL STREET, LOWELL, MASS.,

Devoted to the abolition of Moral, Mental and Physical Servitude, in all their complicated forms and the interests of the INDUSTRIAL CLASSES.

The Voice will contain a Female Department, under the immediate supervision of the LOWELL FEMALE LABOR REFORM ASSOCIATION, and be supported by contributions from the Operatives of this city and other ... who "toil and spin" and produce all the wealth of the nation, full of becoming subscribers.

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MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston—D. W. Parkman, James Campbell, S. H. Allen, A. J. Wright, J. G. [illegible]
Fitchburg—S. & C. Shepley, John [illegible], C. N. Pratt, F. C. Bailey.
Woburn—W. D. Leavitt.
Lynn—H. J. Chenoweth.
East Bridgewater—Levi B. Parker.
Chelmsford, (Scythe factory Village)—Moses Edwards.
North Chelmsford—Joseph R. Pierce.
South Andover—William Irish.
Woburn, New Bridge—Charles C. Foster.
Northampton—Thomas Rogers.
Northbridge—H. O. Dean.
Milford—Hiram Hunt.
Lancaster—Sanborn Worthen.
Leominster—S. A. Smith.
Andover, Frye Village—David Middleton.
Hubbardston—A. S. Clark.
West Brookfield—S. Stoddard.
Palmer, Three Rivers—Nathan A. Crane.
Palmer—S. A. Fays.
Springfield—George F. Tannatt.
West Springfield—S. H. Lincoln.
Cabotville—E. F. Brown, Sophia Taylor.
Uxbridge—Lyman Smith.
Waltham—Wm. W. Pealt.
North Bridge—H. O. Dean.
Fall River—Ruby Hatch; David Pierce.
New Bedford, 34 Russell St.—Wm. M. Allen.
Blackstone—Wm. R. Salsbury.
Reading—Abel H. Reed.
South Reading—George H. Willey.
Worcester—S. Thompson, Henry P. Robinson.
Quincy—T. C. Horn.
Middleborough—Thomas Leonard.
Taunton—Elisha Smith.
Easton—George Torrey.
North Easton—William S. Anderson.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Dover—Daniel L. Norris.
Manchester—D. P. Perkins, Walter French, C. A. Brown.
Nashua—R B Hill.
Lebanon—H. T. Young.
Claremont—Edward [illegible].
[illegible]—B. F. Palmer.
[illegible]—G. F. Lane.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence—J. S. & H. Rowe, Periodical Agents, [illegible]

CONNECTICUT.

DENTISTRY.

DR. MOWE—corner of Central and Hurd streets.

Wishes to inform the people of Lowell and vicinity that he is permanently located at the above specified place, where he is constantly attending to all diseases incident to the teeth. He inserts beautiful

Mineral Teeth on fine Gold Plate,	$2 to 4·00
The best of Pivot Mineral Teeth	1 to 2·00
Filling with finest Gold Foil,	50c. to 1·00
Extracting with improved instruments,	25c

Part and whole sets are inserted at this office at short notice, and perfect satisfaction warranted in all cases.

All materials used of the best quality. No teeth are used which change color, or the natural sweetness of the breath.

Dr Mowe has a remedy for the severest toothache.

Those who are unable to pay the full prices, may receive the benefit of his services by paying him only the cost of the material used, either for filling or plate.

Medicines to promote the healthiness of the gums supplied. Grateful for patronage received, he respectfully solicits the continuance of the same.

Office in Courier Building, 82 *Entrance from Central st* Lowell, April 16, 1846. 45tf

DR. JOHNSON,
DENTIST.
OFFICE IN WENTWORTH'S BUILDING,
(*First building East of Depot.*)

GRATEFUL for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him by the citizens of Lowell and vicinity, during the past year, would express his thanks and respectfully tender the continuance of his services in every department of DENTISTRY. Decayed Teeth filled with Pure Gold, in a perfect manner, and a restoration of the Teeth, (thus filled) to their former usefulness WARRANTED.

MINERAL TEETH, from one to an entire set, inserted in a scientific manner, and in finish and adaptation to the mouth so perfect as to warrant satisfaction; for proof of which he will refer to his work now worn in this city. Teeth cleaned and extracted with care.

N. B. The public will bear in mind that while his prices are from 25 to 50 per cent LESS than were formerly exacted, that his work is warranted equal to any performed in Lowell or elsewhere. Persons visiting this city, in need of work, will find it to their advantage to call at this office. Office hours from 8 A M to 9 P M. 50tf

FOSTER'S
MOUNTAIN COMPOUND,
FOR THE HAIR.

THE MOUNTAIN COMPOUND is a concentration of Tonics for the removal of diseases of the Skin. Its effects are powerful, and action quick and obvious in removing dandruff, and softening the hair when it is applied to the cutaneous surface of the head. The proprietor can refer to many prominent individuals in this city, whose hair has been brought out thick, where it was falling out and very thin from a diseased and weakened state of the skin.

The Mountain Compound is highly adapted to ladies' use and toilet dressing, and the inventor has sold hundreds of bottles for that purpose. The universal favour it meets with wherever it has been tried warrants it to be the best article ever offered to the public. It gives the hair a richness of lustre and luxuriancy of color unprecedented, and renders the most dry and turbulant hair *soft* and *moist several days or a week from one application.*

Unlike many articles for the hair it is not glutinous and *sticky* to leave the hair matted and stiff as if a solution of sugar and water had been put on, but on the contrary, the hair will be found soft, silky, *single*, and flowing, from using the Mountain Compound, and it may be curled and dressed in any form and appear perfectly natural.

Manufactured and sold by H. W. FOSTER, 65 Central Street, Lowell. 47tf

WM. D. VINALL, SURGEON DENTIST
Office, 21 *Central Street.*

where he continues to perform all operations on the TEETH, both for their beauty and preservation. Particular attention paid to cleansing and filling carious teeth with gold or any approved substance now in use, and thereby arresting the progress of decay, and rendering them useful for many years.

MINERAL TEETH inserted on gold plate or pivot, from a single tooth to a whole set. These are inserted as circumstances may require.

Another very important branch of Dental Science consists in supplying upper sets of teeth on the principle of atmospheric pressure without springs.

☞ Teeth cleansed, extracted &c. Terms moderate. All operations warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

N. B. He would further say, that the most aggravating pain from decayed teeth, can in most cases be readily removed and the tooth saved. Lowell, m6tf.

LADIES! THIS WAY.

E. C. DARLIN & Co., would respectfully announce to the Citizens of Lowell and vicinity that they have taken the Store,

NO. 7, MERRIMACK STREET,

for the manufacture of all kinds of Ladies', Misses', and Childrens' BOOTS & SHOES.

Now Ladies reform your Shoe bills, for we intend to [illegible] Shoes bought of us, not proving as good as recommended, we will take it as a favor to have them returned, and we will make them good by exchange or otherwise.

Lowell, April 17, 1846. n41tf.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE!

THE subscribers would inform their friends and the public that they have taken the shop No. ☞ 11 Merrimack street, ☞ where they intend to manufacture and keep constantly on hand a full assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, of all kinds.

They flatter themselves that their former experience in the business, with the assistance of some of the best workmen they can obtain, will secure a share of patronage.

☞ FRENCH CALF BOOTS made to order.

TARLTON & GUILD.

Lowell, May 1846. 47tf

SILAS H. GOODNOW,
DEALER IN
GOLD & SILVER WATCHES JEWELRY &C.
Torrey & Wood's Brick Block, centre Store,
Fitchburg, Mass.

HENRY J. LOWE,
DEALER IN
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.
RICH JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, &C. &C.
☞ Repairing done in the best manner, at short notice.
Fitchburg, Oct. 1845.

S. & C. SHEPLEY,
PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS,
Offer for sale an extensive assortment of
School, Miscellaneous & Blank Books.
Their Books are purchased upon the most reasonable terms for cash! and will be sold as low as at any other Bookstore in Worcester County.
Fitchburg, Mass.

Dr. L. Adams,
SURGEON DENTIST,
ROOMS OVER THE POST OFFICE.
☞ All operations warranted equal to any by whomsoever performed.
Fitchburg, Mass. Oct. 1845.

MERRILL & HEYWOOD,
(SUCCESSORS OF POWERS & BAGLEY,)
PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.
DEALERS IN
Paper-Hangings, Borders, Blank-Books, &c.
Blank-Books made to order, and paper ruled in any pattern. BOOK-BINDING done with neatness and despatch. No. 23 Central street, Lowell. [illegible]